

MARVEL®

23rd June 90

THE REAL

№106 45p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™



ISSN 0954-9404



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The Real Ghostbusters completely covered in slime! This, as Egon says, does not *usually* happen or does it? When Slimer catches a summer cold though, anything could (and does) happen! So, if it's a slime-packed story that you want, **Time Slime** is the spooky tale for you! There's something horrifically *fishy* going on in **The Creature from 40,000 Fathom Street!** A giant sea-demon is wreaking (and reeking) its revenge on the fish-eaters of the world, so be careful it doesn't steal your sole!

Apart from those ectoplasmically exciting adventures, there is the third instalment of **Video Nasties!** More terrifying television programmes are being broadcast, and only **The Real Ghostbusters** can save the day!

CONTENTS

The Creature from 40,000 Fathom Street!	3
Spengler's Spirit Guide	9
Time Slime!	10
Ghostbusters' Fact File: Viles!	13
Video Nasties! – Part Three	15
Slime Time/Newsagents' Coupon	21
Dead True!	23
Next Issue Box/ Blimey! It's Slimer!	24

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ

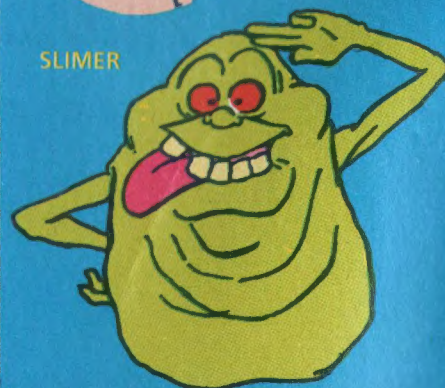


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ZEDDMORE

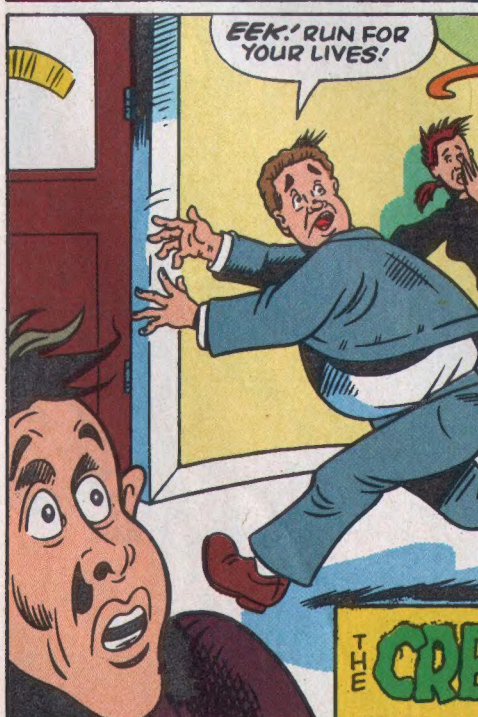
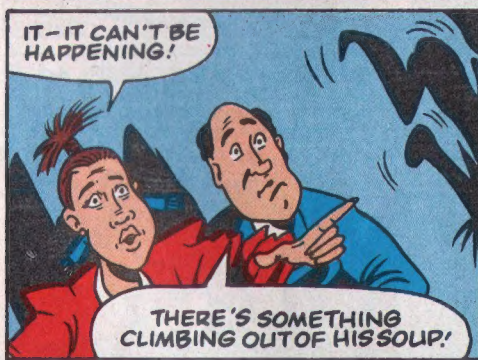
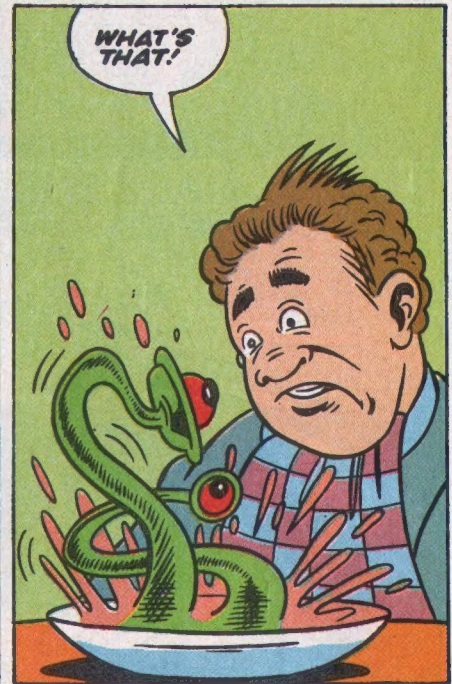
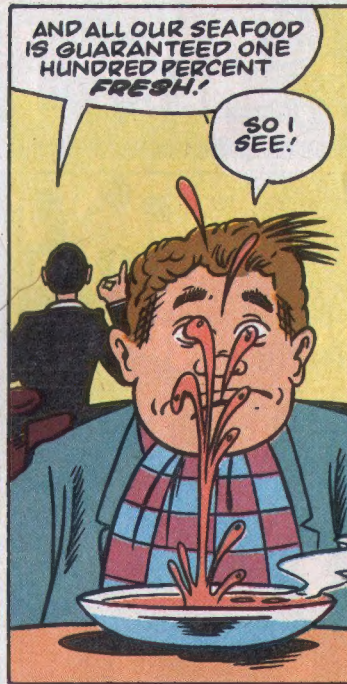
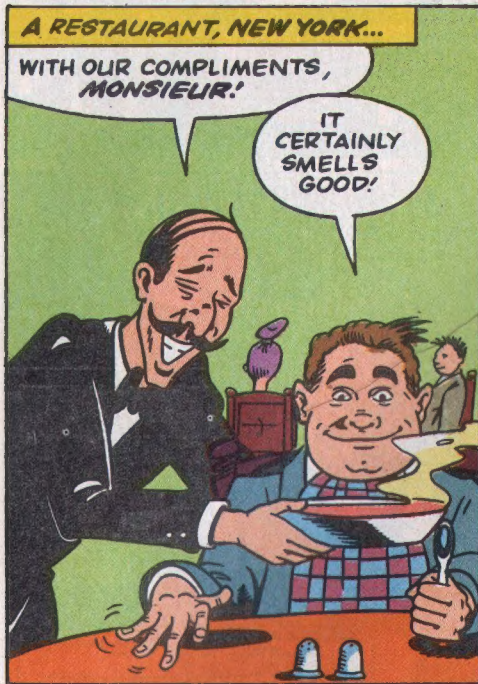


JANINE
MELNITZ

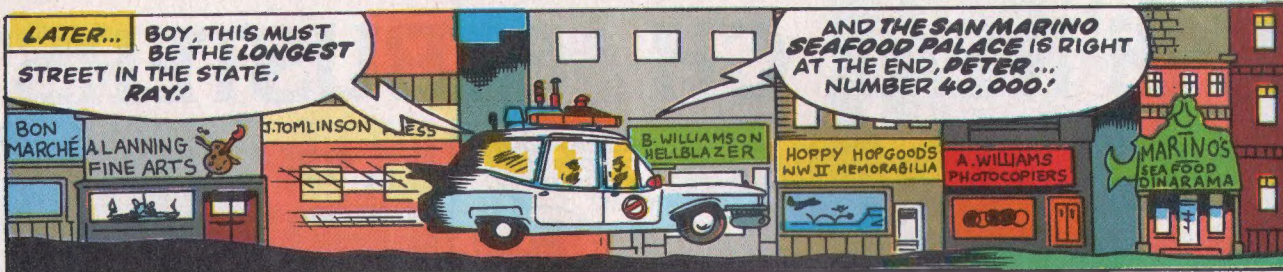
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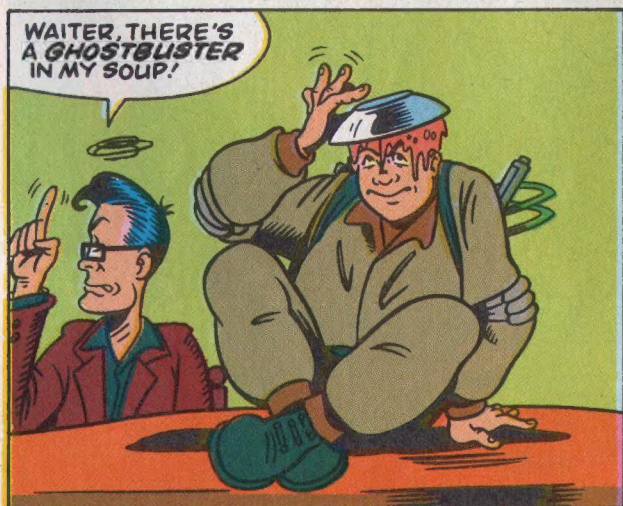
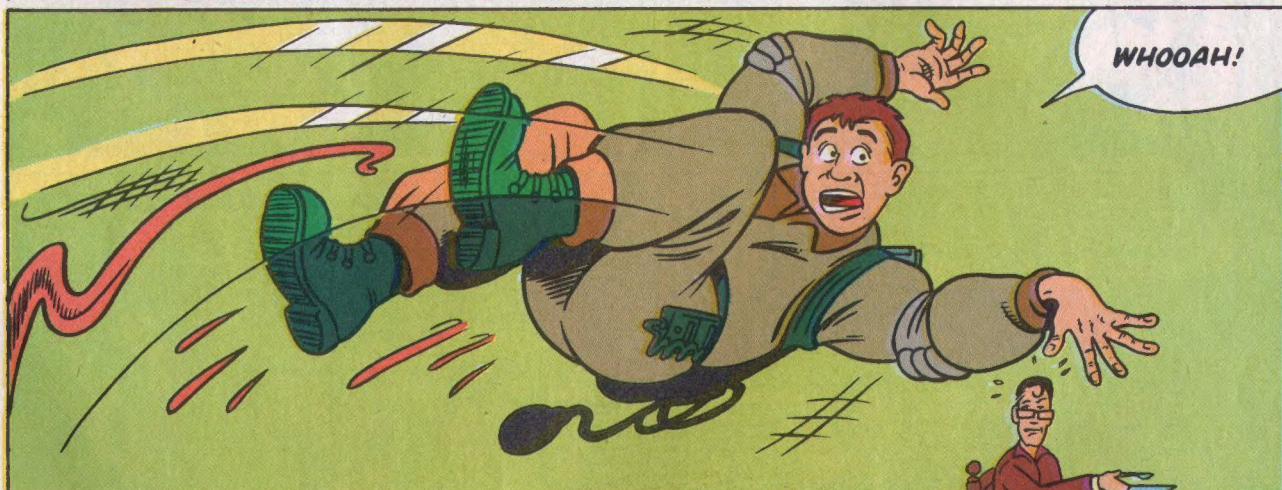
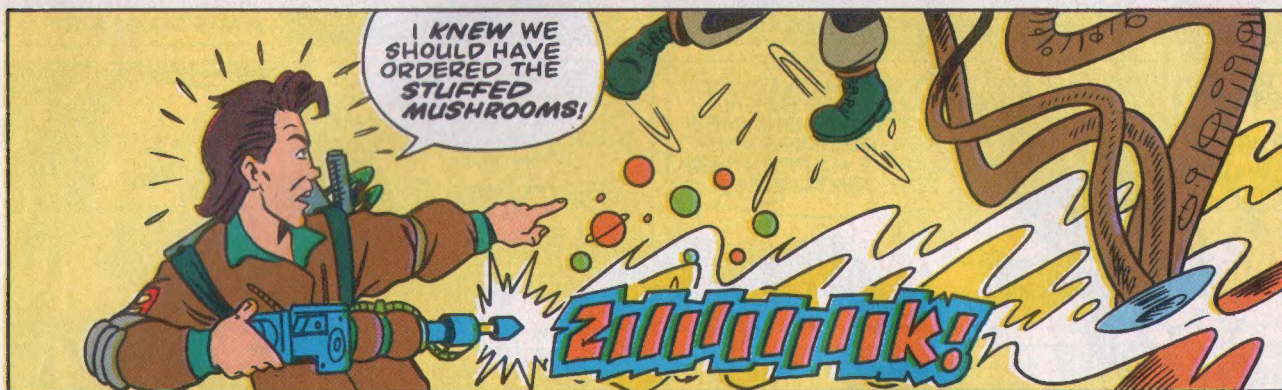


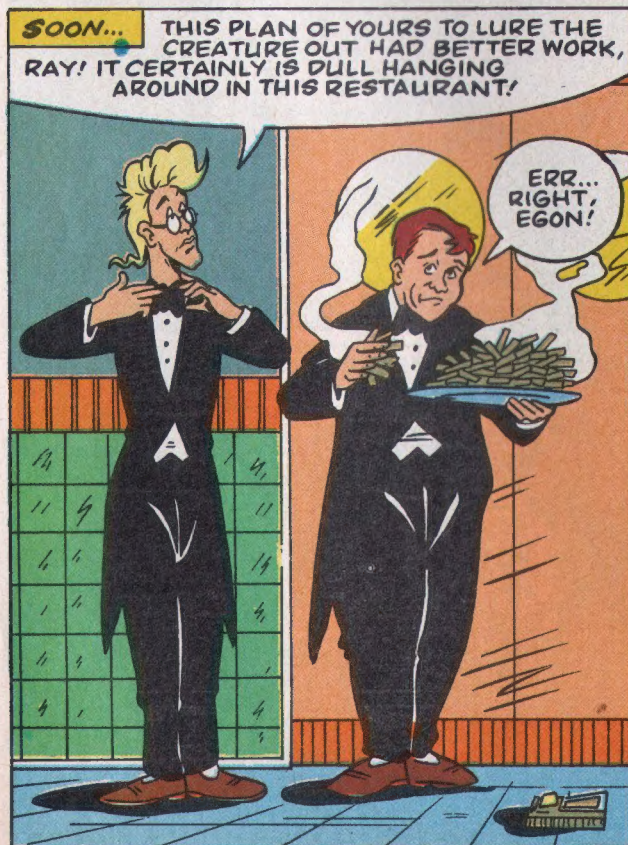
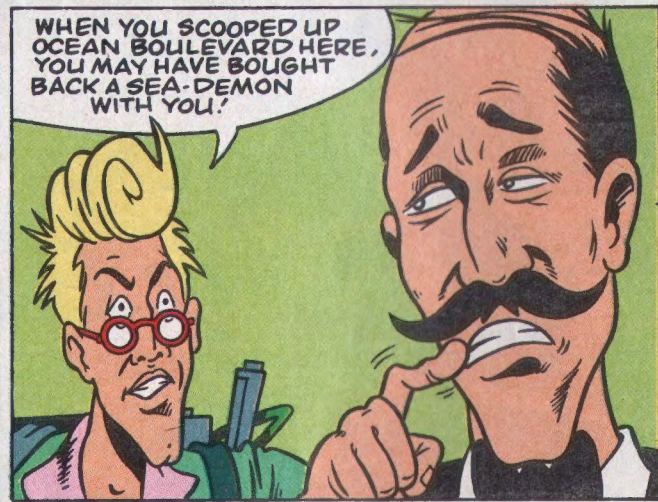
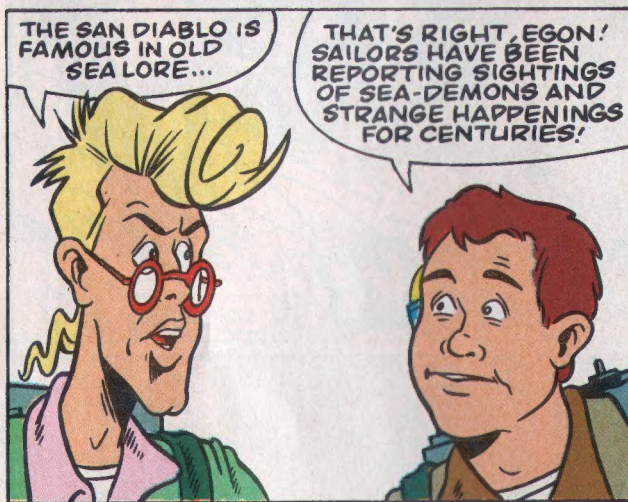
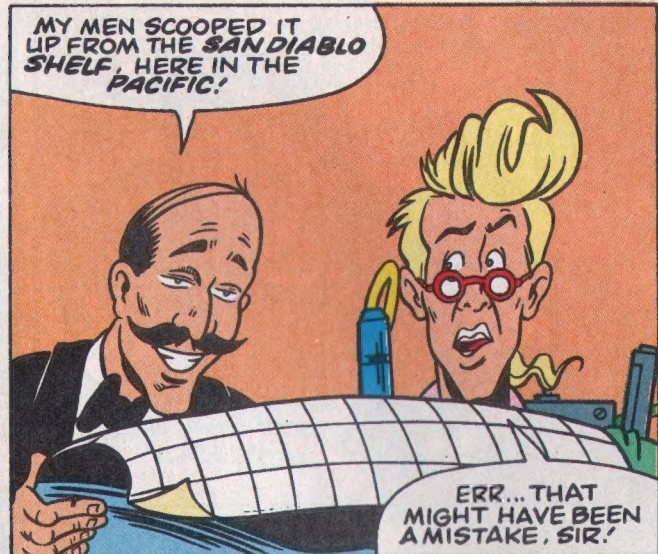
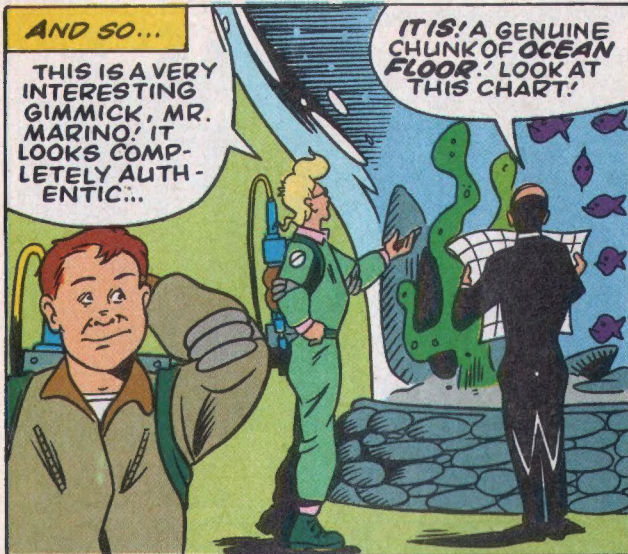
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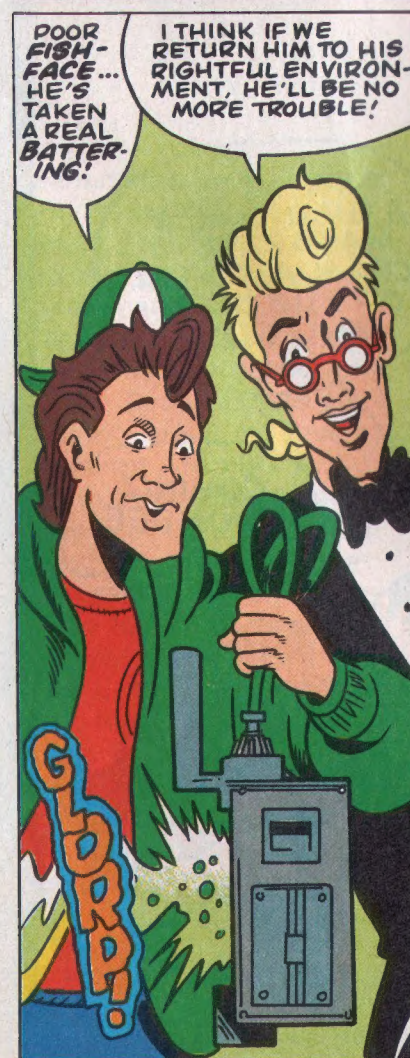
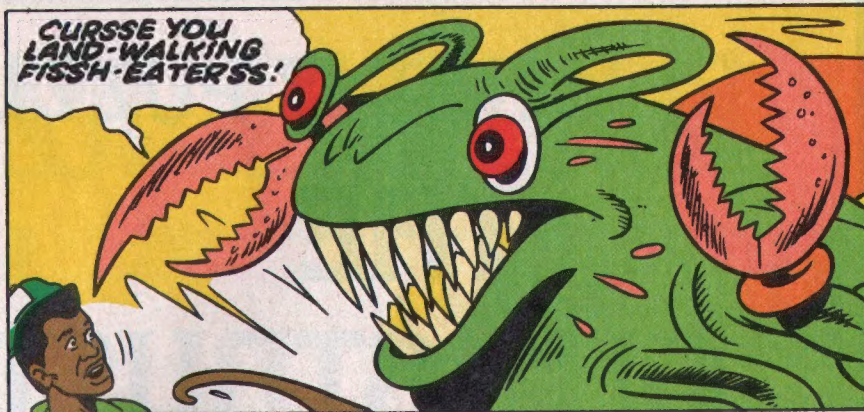


THE CREATURE FROM 40 000 FATHOM ST.









WHAT IS PUZZLING THE **REAL** GHOSTBUSTERS™

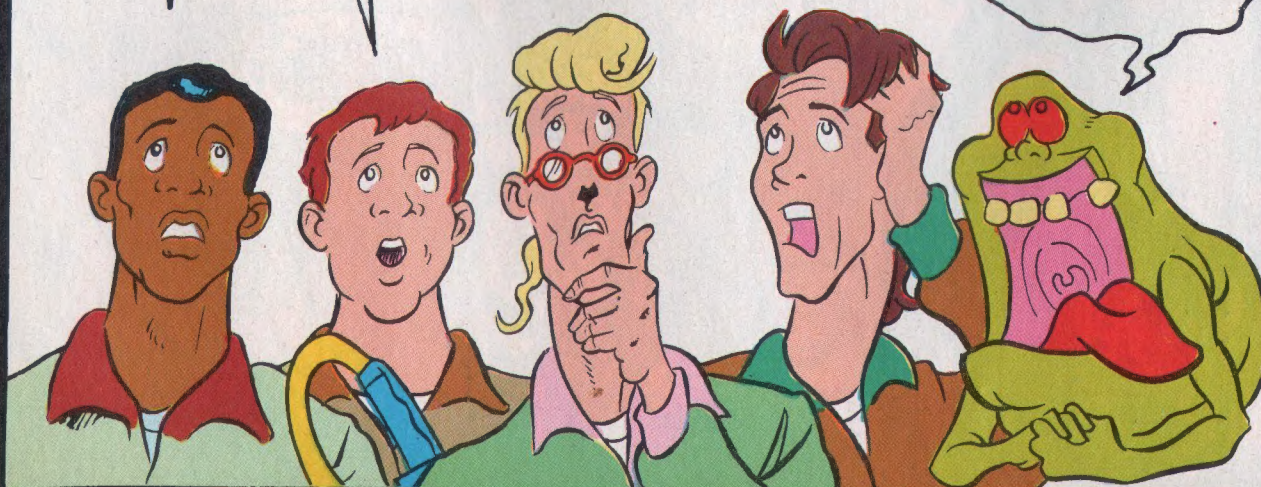


WORD
SEARCHES?
MAZES?

GAMES?
PUZZLES?

WHAT?
A BRAND NEW
MAGAZINE
CRAMMED FULL
OF PUZZLES
AND FUN?

COMING
SOONEEE!



MARVEL

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

The world-wide paranormal fraternity were shocked last weekend by the most amazing discovery, made by Belinda Framp, a part time Glyph-etcher from the West Chester chapter of the Children of Tobin. Strolling on the beach for a Sunday morning constitutional with her collie, Venomthrax, she stumbled across a copy of Tobin's *Oceanum Occultus Mundi* that had been washed up by the overnight tide.

I can't begin to tell you how incredible this sensational find is (what do you mean, Peter, 'that's a relief?'). The *Oceanum* is the great lost work of our scholar amongst scholars, Tobin. His other works are in plentiful supply – there are over twenty editions of his *Spirit Guide*, whilst the *Alchemicalum* and the *Dimensionalis Universalum* exist in several manuscript forms world-wide. But there has not been a copy of the *Oceanum* around in modern times. The library at Caponica was said to have two copies in the early part of the ninth century, but no trace of them remained after the Pillage, Run-Riot and Deseccrate All-Comers Weekender staged in Caponica by the Pointy-goths in 890. Jasper Wape, the thirteenth century occultist, made several references to it in his *Eldritch Whistlings That*



GUIDE

fumble up over the Reefs of Vapours to land on the Atoll of Ultimate Ghostliness. As Helmut never came home again, we'll never know what happened to his copy. Undoubtedly it was lost at sea like the rest of his vessel and crew. The only thing that was ever found was part of the *Pontefract's* main brace, which drifted into the harbour at Smellingplant one summer, bearing the bite marks of something big, pointy and sharp.

This weekend's find will surely provide answers to many questions – not the least being exactly what manner of ocean-going spook's dental apparatus sank the good ship *Pontefract* and it's twitchy crew. An annotated edition is promised by the end of the year, and I for one, am anxious to get my hands on that invaluable information about Mermaids, Were-whales, Spooklebacks, Shudder-shrimps and Deep Sea Malevolent Hook-Toothed Vampire Winkles.

In the meantime, I would direct the attention of any paranormalologist interested in the ghosts of the deep to read either Peter Benchmark's *Full Fathom Five Thy Father Lies, His Aqualung Was The Wrong Size* or Jacque Couteau's *The One That Got Away: Some Spooky Sea Stories You'll Have To Take My Word For*.

PART 106

Cometh In The Night From My Gazebo. As history relates though, the ingestion of Wape by a Pit-fiend who didn't like having his piccolo practise disturbed, removes that source from our consideration.

The last reference to a copy was made in 1531, when it was included in the library of volumes Prince Helmut the Fidget took with him on his voyages of discovery in the galleon *Pontefract*. As the *Oceanum* contained all of Tobin's assembled findings on the ghosts, spirits and beings that inhabit the world's oceans, it was considered a pretty essential travel aid for a man who, despite his nervous habits, intended to wriggle across the Cladvik Wastes of Bugaboos, fidget up the Isthmus of the river Archeron and

TIME SLIME!



Story JOHN FREEMAN Ⓢ Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD

Everyone knows how difficult ecto-slime is to get rid of, but Egon's found the answer – or has he?

Peter, naturally, was the first to suffer from its effects. He'd just been on a bust up on East 33rd Street – a demonic comics book writer had started to re-write the history of the street, turning everyone into super-heroes as they went about their regular lives. One quick blast of the Proton Gun and the demon wrote at large no more. Anyway, it had been a long hot chase – the weather had just hit thirty degrees and there was talk of a water shortage again. Arriving back at Ghostbusters' HQ, Peter looked fit to drop – he was hot, dusty and tired. Moaning in a typically Peter way, as he passed Winston and Ray eating in the lounge, he staggered upstairs to shower, only to be confronted by a miserable-looking Slimer. Slimer looked dolefully up at Peter and began to sniffle. "Peteree, buddywuddy – I'm not wellllleeeee!"

"I know that, you slimesome spook," groaned Peter. "Now get out of my way before I'm forced to look for a *permanent* cure."

"No jokeee, Peter!" wailed Slimer, rubbing his nose. "Cold me have. Cold in headee, cold in tummeee, cold in noseee – ahhhhhSHOOOOO!"

"Aaaargh!"

The 'Aaaargh' was, of course, Peter's, who was caught by surprise as he was blasted with a shower of slime from Slimer. It happened so quickly, the tired Ghostbuster lost his footing on the stairs and tumbled back down them! Winston and Ray looked on in amusement. "You okay?" asked Winston, putting down his pizza to help Peter up.

"Okay? Okay? I've just been slimed!" shouted Peter. "How do you think I feel?!"

"Sorreeee, Peter," sniffed Slimer, hovering on the stairwell.

"Toldee not well, and Ashooooo!"

None of the three Ghostbusters realised Slimer had so much slime in him. This cold was getting dangerous, as the lounge was engulfed in yet another wave of slime.

"My pizza!" squealed Ray, just before he was swept into the kitchen by the slime.

"My records!" screamed Peter.

"My – ashooooe!" sneezed Slimer, covering The Real Ghostbusters with even more of the strange ecto-slime.

Winston struggled to stand up. "We've got to get Slimer outside!" he said sternly. "The carpet won't take much more of this."

"Great idea," said Peter. "But if you think I'm going to wade into that ..." he pointed to the firepole hole, as more slime dropped down through it into the garage below. Listening carefully, Ray was sure he could hear Janine screaming (something she would later deny, of course!) "This is one major disaster for us," said Ray. "Egon just had the whole place cleaned – cost a fortune, too."

"The cleaners must have stirred up some dust. That's what set Slimer off," added Winston.

"I don't care how it started," said Peter, reaching through the very sticky slime for his Proton Pack and Gun. "You have to admit, this is the last straw – Slimer has to go!" He powered up the Gun while Slimer ashooooed again, spraying him once more. "That's it!" screamed Peter. "That does it!"

Ray and Winston had never seen Peter so mad. Slimer began to sniffle even more and looked at Peter with big, sad eyes, both of them streaming with cold tears. "Sorreee, Peter," he mumbled as Peter took aim, angrily took aim and ... lowered his Proton Gun.

Ray and Winston gave a sigh of relief together. "Ah, I wasn't *really* going to do it," Peter said, "I've just had a bad day so far ..."

"Friendee Peter!" squealed Slimer, racing towards him. Then he stopped, and began to sneeze. "No, Slimer!" said Peter, and Slimer stopped. "Pheweee," said Slimer. "Foreee moment there – Ashooooo!"

"Aaaargh!"

"We seem to be in serious trouble here," said Winston. "I think this one's for Egon . . ."

Egon arrived at HQ an hour later, back from busting a library spectre which had a habit of returning books before it had borrowed them. The other Ghostbusters had made it outside as the building began to fill with slime. Slimer sniffed upstairs through an open window as Egon listened to their story.

"It started with a drip and turned into a tidal wave," said Peter, wringing ecto-slime out of his socks. "I never imagined Slimer had so much of that gunk in him." "I've often postulated such a situation," Egon replied, rapidly making some calculations on the back of a soggy pizza box in the lounge. Ray anxiously watched Slimer as the ghost sniffled miserably. "We need a way to exo-temporalise the slime and reverse the flow of ectoplasmic matter," added Egon. Ray looked blankly at Winston. "He means we've got to get rid of the slime," said Winston.

"I believe I just said that," said Egon. "Fortunately, I have a new device in ECTO-1 that will successfully obliterate this problematic situation."

"He's got a new weapon that will clear things up?" said Ray brightly. Winston nodded. Egon produced something from the back of ECTO-1 that looked like a cross between a vacuum cleaner, a Proton Pack and something from a science fiction book. It bleeped furiously as he trained it on the HQ. "I have to warn you, it's untested," said Egon sternly, "but if it works, it will reverse the effects of the slime and send it back to wherever it came from."

"And if it doesn't?" asked Peter.

"Er, let's just hope it works," said Egon.

"New York's hardly ready for unlicensed nuclear power packs, let alone unlicensed black holes . . ." He powered up the strange looking machine and switched it on. With what almost sounded like a shriek of enthusiasm, the weapon began to emit a strange twisted beam of

concentrated purple light, which promptly began to make the slime disappear. "It's working!" said Peter.

"Slimer, get out of the building," shouted Egon, "or this machine will destroy you, too!"

"Spoilsport," muttered Peter, then noticed the other Ghostbusters glaring at him. "Just a joke, fellas!"

Incredibly, the slime vanished in moments. "Great," said Winston, "But just where did it go?"

"Well," said Egon as they walked back into the spotless HQ, "This machine creates a temporal warp which alters the fabric of the space-time continuum and despatches slime, in its constituent parts, to wherever it comes from. In theory, anyway."

"And in practice?" said Ray anxiously, looking at the machine.

"From the way you've built it, this could just have sent the slime forwards in time by about three minutes, only to reappear exactly where it left."

"Impossible," said Egon, "You know I design all my inventions to the most rigorous of specificat —"

"AAAAAAAARGH!" screamed the Ghostbusters together as a slight popping sound was followed by gallons of slime dropping back into the HQ. While Peter struggled towards Slimer who gibbered apologies, and whilst Ray helped Winston stand up in the muck, Egon scratched his head thoughtfully, slime dripping off the end of his nose. "Perhaps it needs a bit more fine-tuning," he said.



THE VILES

These nasty little demons were Free-roaming Class seven Possessor Spirits that took great delight in possessing friendly giants and turning them into nasty man-eating ogres. The ogres would love to stay nice, gentle folk so they enlisted the aid of The Real Ghostbusters.

So there they were, Peter Venkman, Egon Spengler and an ogre waiting for the arrival of the Viles in the middle of a desolate bean field in the middle of Iowa. Suddenly in the distance The Real Ghostbusters caught sight of the first wave of Viles, who easily avoided the Proton Guns whilst repeating various vile delicacies that the poor ogres were meant to enjoy.

Dodging the Proton Guns, the Viles dived in to the bean field taking over the beans and growing in to a huge beanstalk. This was, though, their eventual undoing since, when they were joined together like that, it was relatively easy for The Real Ghostbusters to cut them down to size!



SLIMER!

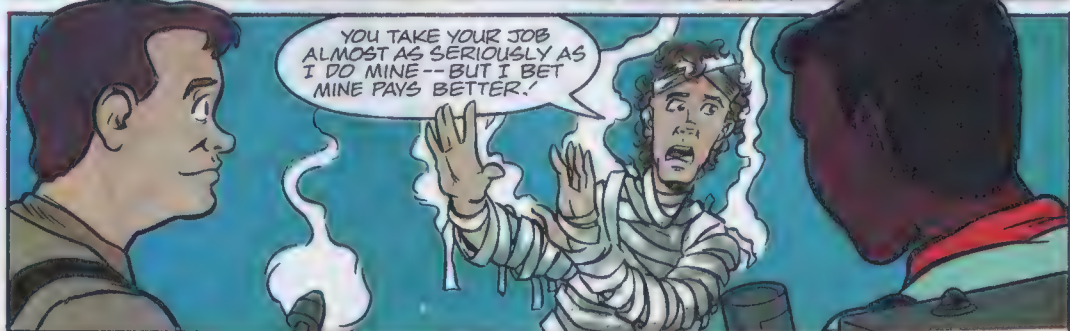
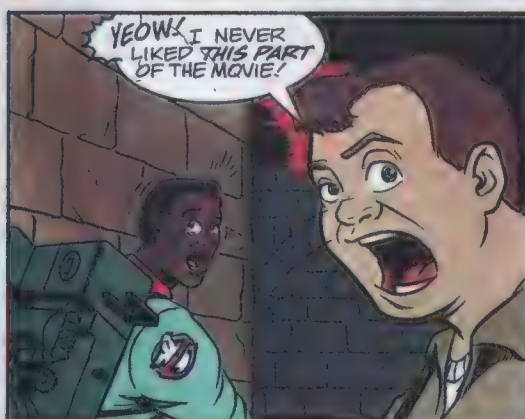
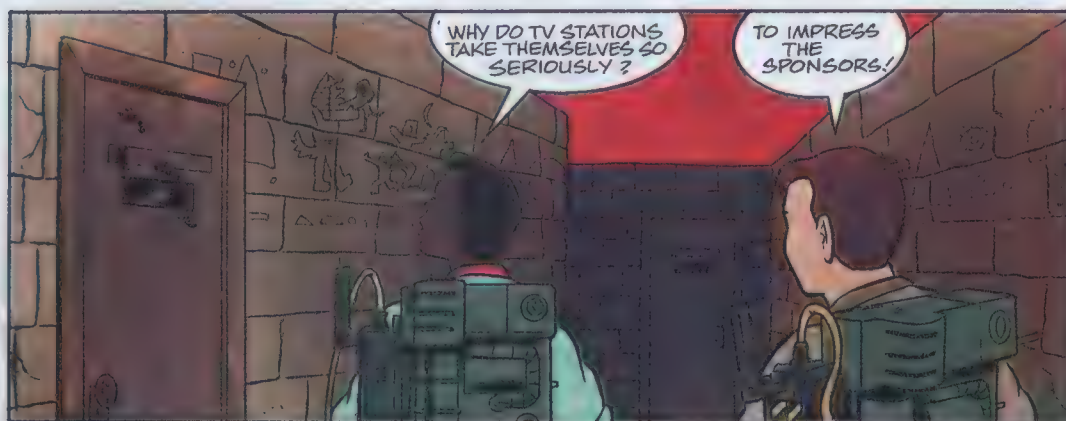
IT HAS MORE SLIME PER SQUARE INCH
THAN ANY OTHER COMIC—
AND WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?



ON SALE EVERY MONTH
From **Marvel**

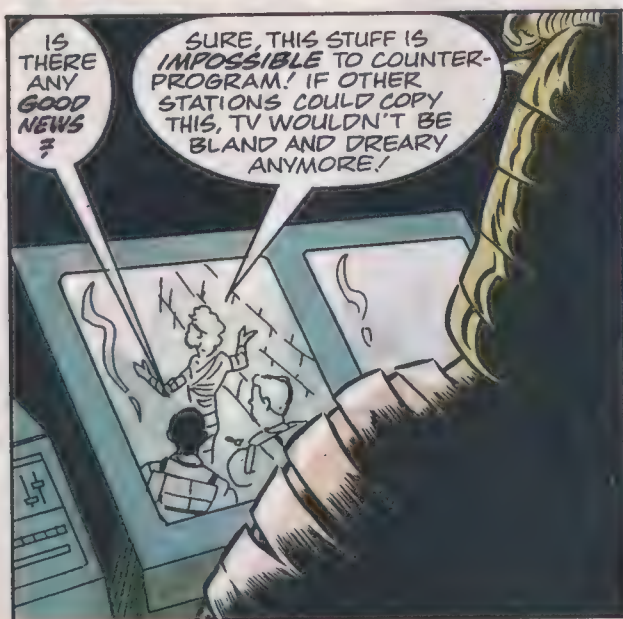
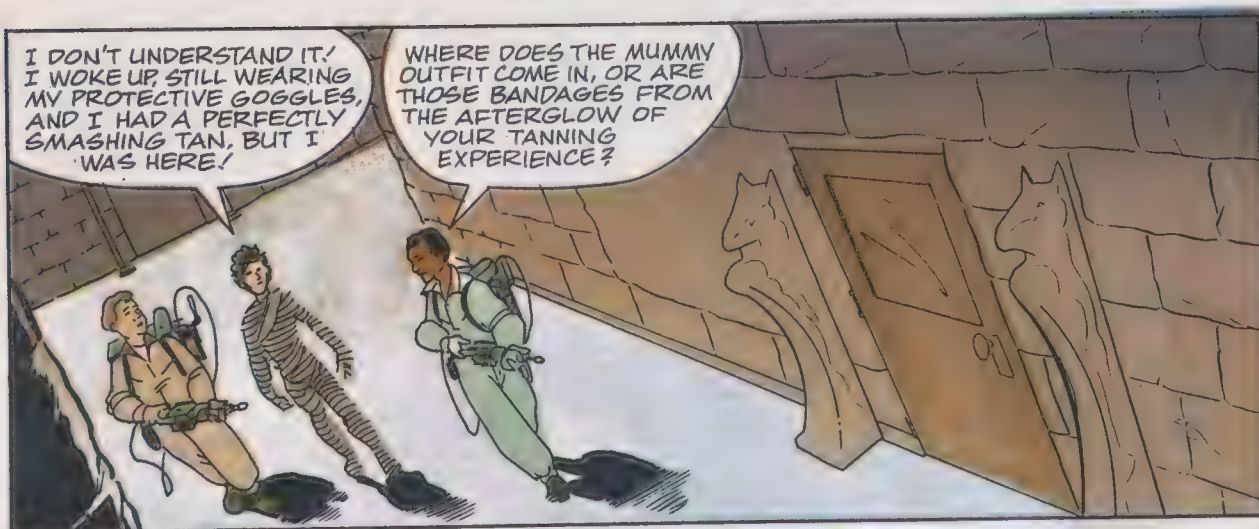
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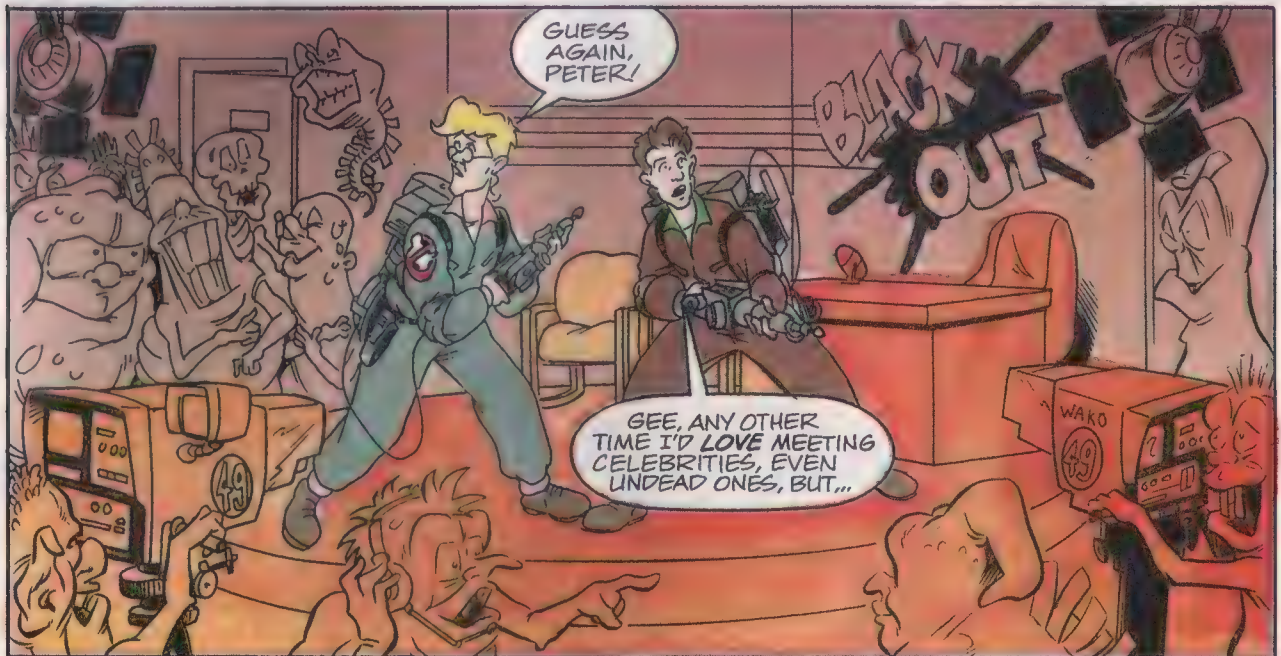
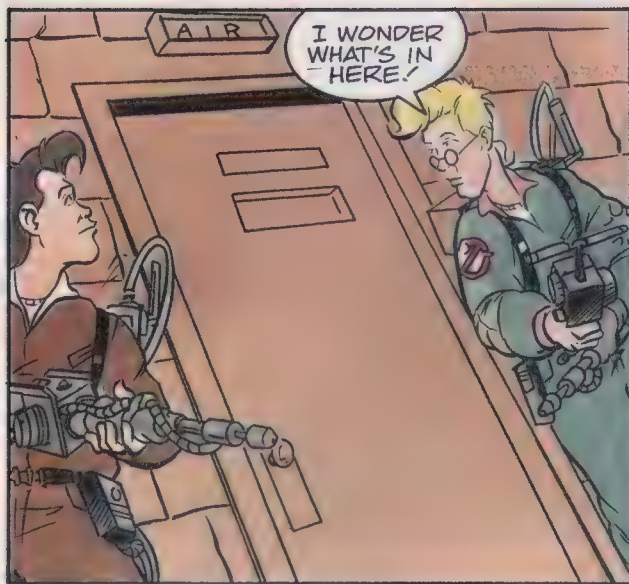
Part Three: A TV station has been overrun by ghosts. The Real Ghostbusters have split up in order to investigate.

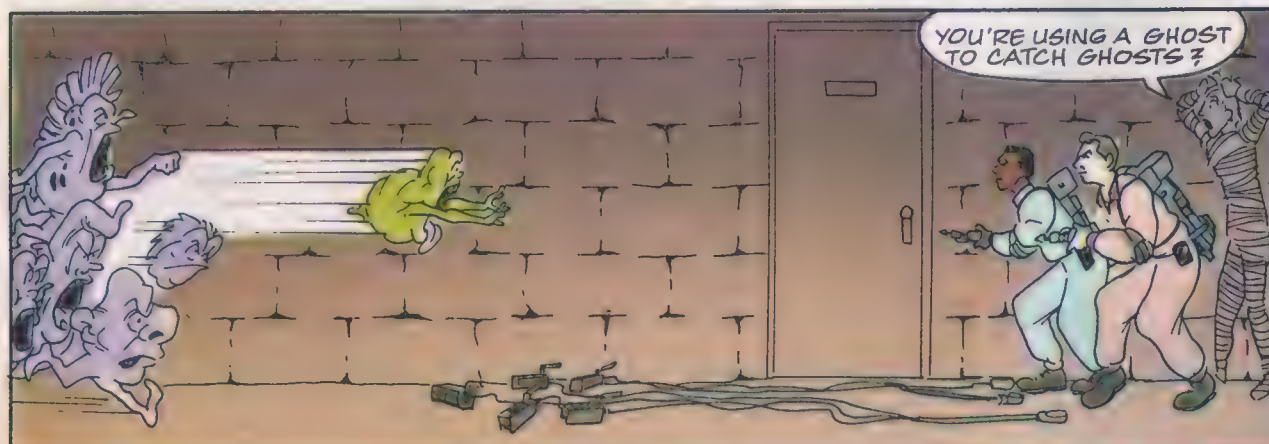
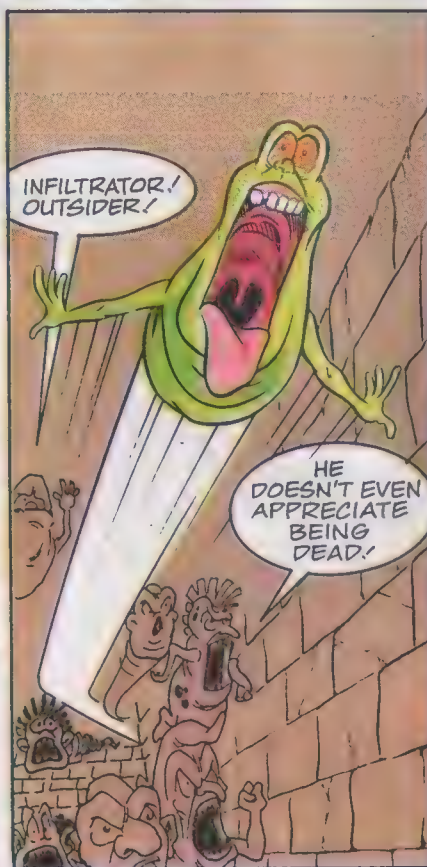












SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



When does a graveyard romance start?
When boy meets ghoul!

What did the vampire say to the dentist?
Fangs very much!
– Lee Batchelor, Leicester

What did the ghost teacher say to the pupils?
Let's go through it again!
– Daniel Williams, Peterborough

What do you feed parrots on?
Pollyfilla!

How do you join Dracula's Fang Club?
You send him your name, address and blood group!
– Eoghain, Glasgow

Why did the pig have a sore snout?
Because it ran out of oinkment!
– Joel Wyatt, Gwent



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To my newsagent:
Please reserve me a copy of Marvel's **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic every week. Reserve it for collection*/ Deliver it with our regular paper order*

*Delete as applicable.

NAME

ADDRESS

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SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN

.....

MEET THE...



**PACKED WITH FUN AND
ADVENTURE EVERY FORTNIGHT!**

DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!
Dare you read on?



ne of Britain's pioneer scientists, Sir William Crookes, was also involved in supernatural phenomena, much to the dismay of his fellow professionals. He had the courage, however, to stand by his beliefs and openly declared his investigations in to the afterlife. Perhaps, though, the cynics made him feel he should prove his beliefs scientifically before they could be justified, and one of the most outstanding investigations involved a young lady by the name of Florence Cook, a medium.

Rigorous tests were undertaken in Crooke's laboratory which revealed the existence 'on the other side' of one Kather-

ine King. The laboratory was rigged up to test trickery to the full, though it soon became obvious that Florence Cook was a genuine psychic, as Katherine proved to be an entirely separate being. Crooke somehow managed to prove this to the numerous colleagues who doubted him by measuring the two women physically with startling results! The tests were carried out over a period of three years and painstaking notes outlined the considerable differences in the build, height, weight, and facial looks of both females.

However, although most of the world-renowned scientists admitted that they could find no fault with Sir

William's investigations, they proved somewhat reluctant to admit there could be anything other than an earthly existence.

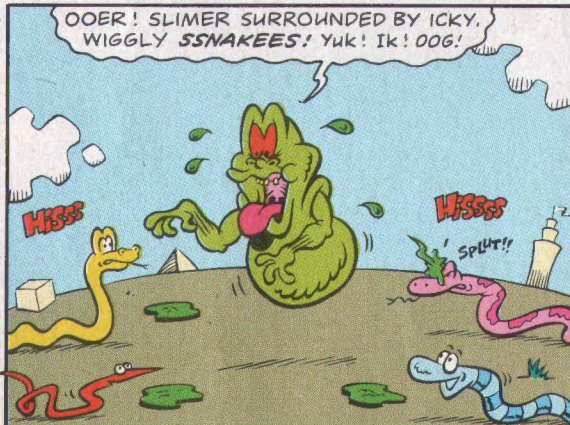
It is interesting to note that Sir William Crookes will probably be best remembered for his role as a distinguished physicist, mainly in the field of electronics, but he should be equally renowned for his pioneer work in supernatural studies. Despite being frequently ridiculed by members of the scientific community, he risked his professional reputation by refusing to cover up his beliefs, maintaining that there is a definite connection between our world and the next. Most unscientific!



FEATHERED FIENDS!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

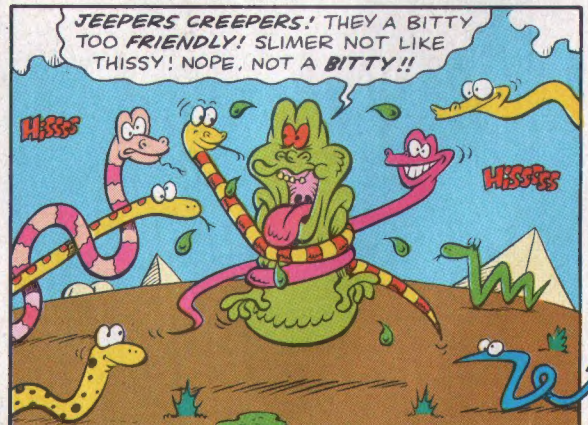


OOER! SLIMER SURROUNDED BY ICKY, WIGGLY SNAKEES! YUK! Ik! OOG!

Hiss

Hiss

SPLUT!



JEOPERS CREEPERS! THEY A BITTY TOO FRIENDLY! SLIMER NOT LIKE THISSY! NOPE, NOT A BITTY!!

Hiss

Hiss

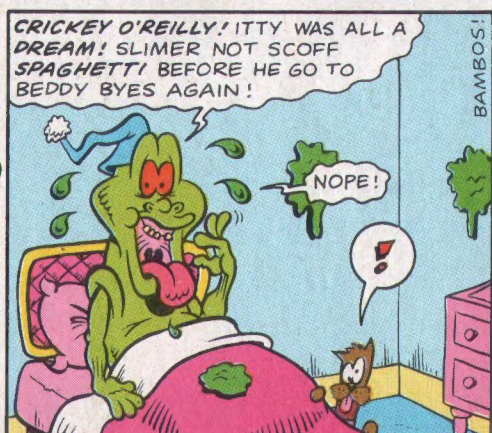


HELP! EEK!! YURG!! NYUK!!!
OOOK! EEEEG!!

GET 'EM OFF!!
OOER!



HELP!
HELP!
HELP!



CRICKEY O'REILLY! ITTY WAS ALL A DREAM! SLIMER NOT SCOFF SPAGHETTI! BEFORE HE GO TO BEDDY BYES AGAIN!

NOPE!

BAMBOS!